

A CINDERELLA IN REAL NEW YORK LIFE



AS SHE APPEARED IN CINDERELLA.

FAMOUS NEWS
GIRLS MUST GO.

They Are Winnie and Sadie,
Who Sell Papers on
Sixth Avenue.

News Stands Will Be Built
Under the "L" Stairs at
Twenty-third Street.

Then the Occupation of the Misses
Horn, N. E. and N. W.,
Will Be Gone.

THE SUPPORT OF A BIG FAMILY.

Miss Winnie Relates Her Woes and Inci-
dentally Talks of Her Treatment
by Some Women Who
Pass Her Stand.

Several tens of thousands of New Yorkers know Winnie and Sadie. They may not know the names of these girls—Misses Winnie and Sadie Horn, if you please—but they know the girls when they see them. They are the picturesque sisters who sell afternoon newspapers at the corners of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. They are as familiar there as the Masonic Temple.

It is very probable that Winnie and Sadie will disappear from these corners. Their departure will leave an aching void almost as great as if the Masonic Temple were to be razed. For there will be news stands under the L railroad steps at the northeast and northwest corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, and Winnie and Sadie fear they will have to go when the news stands come. Their customers will desert them, their occupation will be gone.

It will be sad to lose Winnie and Sadie. Their bonnets, their veils, their curls—Winnie's curls blonde, Sadie's raven black—have lent a charm to these corners that all the men and a few of the women have appreciated. They are, indeed, famous. Winnie has been done in wax at the Museum. If that is not fame, there is nothing famous. Both girls have been imitated in the theatres, for variety actresses have made up after them. That is fame and fatality, too.

Be it understood at the beginning that these are good, honest girls, who support their father and their mother and six younger brothers and sisters; a quiet family of Horns, who live in four rooms at No. 140 West Twenty-eighth street. Winnie and Sadie each earn a dollar a day, sometimes two dollars, rarely more. While each seems to be alone on her corner, she lacks not protection. Any newsboy, any huckman, any policeman in that neighborhood would be proud to fight for her.

"Mother sold papers on this corner for eight years," said Winnie, the Northeast Miss Horn, yesterday. "I have been selling paper here—Evening Journal, sir? Yes, sir; thank you, sir—I've been selling papers here for six years, and Winnie has been here almost as long."

Winnie pointed across the avenue to her sister with the black hair, who has, besides, very rosy cheeks, innocent of paint or powder, fine, big, black eyes, and teeth that would glorify any dentist's sign.

"Now, we'll have to go," said Winnie, mournfully. "You see, mother put in an application for a news stand here, and she's ahead of her—Yes, sir; here's your change; thank you—some other people were ahead of her. You know, it depends on the Alderman of the ward who will get the newsstand. Alderman Ware is our Alderman, but we are all very much afraid that our Alderman would do much for us, and we'll have to go." Winnie's eyes filled with tears, and one tear dropped from mesh to mesh of her rather remarkable veil.

"But, as I was saying, Mr. Ehlers, in

the Temple here knows us all, and he says he'll see whether a news stand can be here to block up the sidewalk. Mr. Ehlers is grand secretary, or grand something or other. He's grand, anyhow, and if he says so, perhaps there won't be any news stand here. And there's a little old man who has been buying papers from Sadie forever so long. He's rich; he owns lots of ships, though you wouldn't think he's rich, for he dresses plainlike. He told Sadie he'd written to the Mayor, and told the Mayor if anybody ought to have news stands under these stairs, we ought to. But the Mayor hasn't even answered his letter yet. What do you think of that, sir, hasn't even answered his letter, although he owns all those ships.

"My father's a veteran," said Winnie at parting, "and a customer told me there you are, sir, two cents change, thanks—told me that veterans have some sort of rights ahead of other people. Is that so, O'ye know? My father has a pension, but it isn't much for nine of us; only \$12 a month. And you don't know how much my little brothers eat."

There will be really an aching void on these corners if the picturesque Misses Horn, Northeast and Northwest, have to go.

RUSIE IS A GIANT AGAIN.

The Big Pitcher Settles His Difficulty With
Freedman and Will Sign
for '97.

Muncie, Ind., Dec. 1.—Amos Rusie, the famous pitcher of the New York Club, will leave on Friday for New York, where he will draw his salary for the time he put in on the bench last year, and will also make a '97 contract with Freedman.

Rusie says the difficulty between Freedman and himself has at last been settled, and that there will be no more squabbling. He now weighs 234 pounds, but says he is in good condition, and will assist in winning the pennant for the Giants next season.

A CINDERELLA
OF PELL STREET.

Dream Life That Was a Reality
to Beautiful Kate
McDonald.

Acting the Part as a Child—She's
Only That Now—It All
Seemed True.

When the Prince Came in the Play She
Believed in Him and Gave
Him Her Heart.

DECEIVED, THE GIRL WANDERED.

In the Chinese Quarter She Whom William
Chase Once Painted Dreamed Awaile
—With Opium—That Led to
the Hospital.

In the register of the Hudson Street Hospital yesterday this entry was made in the gracefully impersonal calligraphy of a clerk: Kate McDonald, 11 Pell street, 20 years old, opium habit.

Even if the clerk knew that Kate McDonald was the most beautiful girl in New York's Chinatown, that does not go into a hospital's record.

William M. Chase made a sketch in oils of Kate McDonald ten years ago. She had then the mother-of-pearl pallor of children bred in poverty. Her mouth and nose were excessively fine, her eyes were of a celestial blue, her blond hair was like an aureole. The daughter of a clown and a strong woman, whom Harry Hill's audiences may remember, for they were famous, Kate McDonald was then, under the name of Thekla, the Cinderella of a Christmas pantomime.

Her father, Captain, was known to people who never went to his performances. He was a gadabout. He wore in the street a turned down collar over a pink cravat; his meagre body floated in a long coat, trimmed with astrakhan; an enormous chain, the charm of which was a tourmaline, swung in and fro like a pendulum on his sky blue velvet waistcoat as he walked.

Kate's mother, splendidly formed, but of a colossal height, whereof caryatids with their athletic limbs may give an idea, was beautiful, if the conception of beauty may be allied with a complete lack of intelligence.

Her features were admirably regular, but they had not the expression of any sort of mind. Her name was Mathilda. She quitted her home at ten years of age to elope with her clown, and to wait on circus people. She lifted weights with her teeth, thrust her head into the jaws of lions and broke with her fists paving stones on her chest. Her clown would beat her, because he was a coward, and she loved him for his brutal treatment of her, in her person was the spirit of a circus people. She lifted weights with her teeth, thrust her head into the jaws of lions and broke with her fists paving stones on her chest.

How could such a delicate girl be Kate? There came of such a parentage? Quatre-ages has an explanation for similar creatures of nature in his "Semais Divina." Perhaps Kate's grandparents were good. She would have been Cinderella in her home if there had been clinders in the heart—but there were none, and the room was always frozen for she did the drudgery of the housekeeping by day, alone in her rags. At night it was different.

Then, in the children, she filled the part of the fairy Cinderella, whom her god-mother protects, or of a fairy tied by a wire thread at her waist to a rod in the flies, and she said in the air, "Do not worry, Prince Charming, the infernal powers shall be weary soon of persecuting you, and this radiant star shall disappear in darkness which conceals from your view Princess Adventure's palace."

The poor little girl, when she extended her hand to show her star, which was made of rhinestones, thought that she held in reality a planet. When the scenes were done, the footlights extinguished and the players took off their doublets, Kate believed still in the reality of her stage life. Why she continued to believe much in the subject of a remarkable psychologic study. It is simply true that she did not know where the material order of things finished and when the supernatural order begins. Men of genius have been as ignorant. The only surprise that came to little Kate, who saw, every evening, fairies and monsters, came to her in her home at her father's intemperance, at her mother's wretchedness. She did not know that all was fiction at the playhouse.

Even when they were despoiled of their costumes the personages of the fairy pantomime retained their power over her. Even in their hideous reality the pithery, the traps and the ropes were enchanting to her. Kate adored, then, a beautiful person, Mrs. Launcelot, who played the good fairies, the virtuous women and all the sympathetic roles in general in strolling companies. Mrs. Launcelot was a benevolent and amiable creature, plump and kind. She liked little Thekla took her on her knees and gave her candy, less sweet than kisses to the child over deprived of caresses. Once when Thekla looked at a little Turkish

sachet which Mrs. Launcelot wore in the play as a tallman, Mrs. Launcelot gave it to her, and the child cried with joy. Mrs. Launcelot gave to her also a portrait of herself, which Thekla pinned on her mirror. When Thekla received flowers she placed them under this idol.

The more Kate showed intelligence, submission and sweetness, the more her parents persecuted her. They had no other likes, when she became thirteen years old, then to torment her. There were complaints made to Harry Hill. He said, "I am sorry. I would give my Masonic insignia in thousands to save Kate. But what can I do? Listen! We are in a dreadful business. Let us take it as it is. God have mercy on Kate!"

God had mercy on Kate, for He gave to her the last hope of the unfortunate, the only illusion which may make souls profoundly wounded live. Love. At thirteen years of age? Yes, for it is the duty of those lives to be reaped in buds. Florentino was his impossible name. He wore more robes, emeralds, and sapphires than an Italian madonna. His features were a vulgar copy of those that sculpture lends to Apollo. Imagine a god become a dealer in old hats. Florentino was peck-marked, bald, and a wreck at twenty-seven years of age.

Kate thought that he was beautiful and brave. Did not the Princesses love him? Did not the divinities smile on pink clouds talk to him? He was Prince Charming. She looked at him, brandishing his sword in the tumult of triumphant music to the strains of the orchestra. He was a beautiful woman who trembled with emotion, and listened, desolate and transported, to the love phrases that he murmured with a persuasive voice. She fixed on him her blue eyes, then fell into tears, for it seemed impossible to her that she might ever become one of those glorious King's daughters whose she solicited, or around whose heads she agitated green branches and exchanged stars.

Well, one evening when Florentino was reciting a desperate monologue, he moved to the left of the stage and exclaimed: "And you, Divinities of Hell, cannot you do anything for me?"

In the light of the flames which came out of the stage floor to reply to his audacious blasphemy, Florentino saw Kate looking at him with an expression that a man so old in debauchery could not misinterpret. Trained as he was to the stage, he took his line and he released in advance the joys of conceit which he would have in intoxicating himself with the girl's adoration.

But he was too skilful not to know that he would have to be infinitely careful not to frighten Kate's innocence. Like all men who have no sentiments, he was apt at playing the simply sentimental lover.

There was never a sixteen-year-old boy who picked up faded flowers more gracefully or trembled at the rustle of the loved one's gown more charmingly. Florentino's hand comedies seemed to Kate to be love itself. Florentino knew not what love is or he might have avoided much useless work.

Kate gave herself to him at the first moment, body and soul. She would have followed him to the end of the world, without asking "Do you love me?" He might have taken her wherever he wished and she would not have looked backward. Once he kissed her and her blood went up to her head. Somebody came, he died, and Kate lived at the playhouse with heaven in her heart.

Now, Kate walked in her enchanted island, and joyful she walked, leaning on the arm of the beloved one, the hope of meeting him at night made of her room a paradise.

Soon, however, she became a dislodged victim. She found in Florentino the living image of her father. One day, at a re-

hearsal, the wire thread that held her to the rod in the flies snapped. She saw, as she fell, a girl whom she hated smile triumphantly at Florentino.

Kate McDonald went to the dyes. She was beautiful a year ago, she is beautiful still. She liked Pell street, where she saw no drunkards. To those who went to Chinatown in stinking excursions guides spoke of Kate as "the belle." They are not easy to please in Chinatown. "But why did you smoke opium?" she was asked yesterday in an interview when her pains did not make her writhe on her couch.

"Oh, when I smoke opium," she replied, "I am Cinderella with a fairy god-mother again!"

BANIGAN'S MILL IS READY.

Providence Millionaire Will Start Up Manu-
facturing Next Month in Opposition
to the Rubber Trust.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 1.—Although it has been known for some months that Joseph Banigan, the multi-millionaire of Providence, was to open a mill in opposition to the United States Rubber Trust, it was not until this afternoon that the report received the stamp of authority.

The deed by which Banigan obtains the Saxon mill at Olneyville by purchase from Charles Fletcher, the woolen manufacturer, was decided in this city only to-day, but all the machinery had already been placed in the works and they will be ready to start up in January. The capacity of the new mill will be about 1,000 pairs of over-shoes and about 2,500 pairs of boots daily and the first samples will be ready for distribution in February.

Banigan also obtained an act of incorporation of the new company to-day. It is to be called the Joseph Banigan Rubber Company, and is capitalized for \$1,000,000. The incorporators are Joseph Banigan, John J. Banigan, William Banigan, Walter S. Ballou and Edward Rice, all of whom are well known in the rubber trade. Joseph Banigan will be in control of the finances and is to act as president of the company and chairman of the board of directors. Those who are interested in the present company state that its organization is the result of Mr. Banigan's trouble with President Evans and the Rubber Trust, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Banigan interests from the United States Rubber Company and the Woonsocket Rubber Company last March.

DIRT WAS A DISGUISE.

Why a Lad's Father Didn't Recognise Him
in Court.

Such a different appearance did his boy present with his face smeared with dirt and his clothes ragged and torn, that John Roetherd was not able to recognize him at first.

The boy is fourteen years old, and lived with his parents until a few weeks ago, when he ran away with Thomas River, seventeen years old, of Lafayette, N. J. They were found and arrested by agents of the George Society, and Roetherd was notified to be present in the Centre Street Court yesterday morning. His boy was dirty and ragged and looked like a little tramp.

"Is either of them your son?" the father was asked. He looked at the lads and shook his head.

"Let me see," said the society's agent, as he pushed the boy before his father. The man gazed a minute, and then laughed: "Yes, that's he," he said, "but he is so dirty and ragged that I didn't know him."

He took the lad home, promising to give him a bath the very first thing.

HER DEATH STORY
IS STILL UNTOLD.

Sadie McDonald's Mother
Gets a Meagre Dispatch
from Australia.

"Blood Vessel Burst, Spinal In-
jury, Buried Monday," but Noth-
ing About How It Happened.

The Parents Now Fear That Some
Shocking Accident May Be Kept
Back from Them for a Time.

MAY NOT KNOW ALL TILL FEBRUARY.

The Actress Was Fond of Horseback Riding,
and an Accident May Have Oc-
curred to Her While Out
for a Ride.

The parents of Sadie McDonald, the actress whose sudden death in Australia the other day startled the dramatic world, received the following cablegram last night, in response to one sent by them asking the cause of death:

Blood vessel burst. Head. Spinal injury. Buried Monday. JULIAN HARRIS.

Miss McDonald's mother is of the opinion that her death was accidental. She thinks that as her daughter was in the habit of riding horseback, she may have been thrown, though possibly she fell through a trap in the stage.

Miss McDonald wrote regularly every month, and her mother expects to receive a letter from her within the next few days. Since she went to Australia her letters have reached New York about the 8th of every month, and Mrs. McDonald says that she is sure one is now on the way here.

As soon as the company returns to this country and the details of her death are learned an effort will be made to have the body shipped home. The McDonalds are very much worried over the fact that it has been impossible to get full details of the death. All the cables so far have come from the company's manager, and in each of them she has failed to state whether or not Miss McDonald's death was accidental. The family fears now that he is holding back some shocking news until he can tell them personally.

The first steamer by which any direct information can be received is the one sailing from Australia on December 20, on which the Hoyt Company will return. The time consumed by the steamer is twenty-six days, consequently it will probably be the last of February before the parents of the young woman can receive any definite information.

LEILA FARRELL IS DEAD.

Well-Known Young Actress Who Had Fame
in New York as a Beauty of the
Comic Opera Stage.

Leila Farrell, the well-known actress, and at one time an idol of Gotham's dudes, died from gastritis in her apartments in the Park Avenue Hotel, at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

She was taken ill about two weeks ago. The body will be sent this morning to Portland, Me., where her mother lives. Leila Farrell was born in Portland, Me., about thirty years ago. At eighteen she ran away from home to join a juvenile "Pinafore" company. She remained with this company for one season, and then came to this city. For nearly a year she was unable to secure work, and went through many trials. One day in July, 1888, Edward E. Rice, struck by her beauty, engaged her for "Adonia." Her success was instantaneous.

One day in November, 1888, she was the recipient of a handsome diamond ring from an anonymous suitor. The ring was valued at over \$5,000. Miss Farrell never learned the donor's name. Her next engagement was with Nat Goodwin, in "Little Jack Sheppard." She subsequently appeared as Fraetta, in "The Masquerade." Then she was taken ill, and went to Southern California. After a year she took a trip around the world. She returned to this city in 1895. The day she was taken ill, she was to have made her vaudeville debut at Proctor's Pleasure Palace.

THEIR WEDDING CALLED OFF.

Mrs. Bostwick—Morrell and H. P. Brookman
Decide Not to Marry.

The wedding of Mrs. Bostwick Morrell, of No. 509 Fifth avenue, and Henry P. Brookman, of No. 118 Remsen street, Brooklyn, was to have taken place yesterday, but was deferred. No reasons were given. Inquiries at both residences elicited the reply that the engagement was off and that the marriage would not take place. Mr. Brookman is a brother of Mrs. Amory S. Carhart and Mrs. Philip Bradford Niles. The ceremony was to have taken place at the home of the bride, but the "relations" had been issued were recalled.



Charming Little Newsgirls Are These Two.

For several years they have sold newspapers and distributed smiles at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. They are known to hundreds who have become their patrons. Now their business is likely to be destroyed by news-stand, which is to be built under the "L" stairway at that point. It is a hardship, not only for the two industrious girls, but for a father and mother and several brothers and sisters whom they nearly support.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN DEAD.

Knocked Down by a Cable Car, She Lingers
Ten Days in a Hospital Unconscious.

After lying unconscious in the Presbyterian Hospital ten days a good-looking woman, about forty years old, died yesterday.

She was knocked down by a Third avenue cable car, at Sixty-ninth street, on the night of November 21. Her head struck an "L" pillar, and she was removed unconscious to the Presbyterian hospital. Some who saw the accident said the woman was intoxicated and walked in front of the car. Others positively assert that the gripman was reckless, and that he saw her wait on the track

for another car to pass down on the other track so that she could cross, and that neither did he attempt to stop his car or sound the gong until too late.

Nothing was found on her person to disclose her identity. The coroners were notified to take her ante-mortem statement after it was learned that her skull was fractured. One called, but she was unconscious. After the fifth day, the coroner was notified daily of her condition. He made another attempt to get her ante-mortem statement a few days ago, but was again unsuccessful.

No one called to see her, nor has any inquiry been made at any of the institutions for such a woman.



Sadie McDonald.

This picture of the actress whose sudden death in Australia was first known in New York a few days ago is made from the last photograph she had taken just before leaving San Francisco. Her mother received a meagre cable dispatch yesterday saying: "Blood vessel burst. Head; spinal injury. Buried Monday." She will learn no more till the company returns.